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VISITING THE “PARK” WITH GRANDMOTHER

by Joy M. Matthies

On January 28, 1995, Joy Matthies awakened from a dream in which a group of people from the “Park” were discussing Robert Monroe. They were talking about Bob’s personal situation in the physical plane, and she felt an urgency to communicate her gratitude for his ability to bridge physical and non-physical realities and bring them together. Joy is pictured with Ellie, her puppet helper for music classes and concerts for adults, children, and senior citizens.



I just needed to sit down and write a few words to you, about a few things that may mean something to you. I don’t know if I ever told you about my first experience in the “Park” but I discovered the Park System in 1948. It was September of 1948, about a week after my maternal grandmother had died. I was only two-and-a-half years old, but I remember everything that had occurred prior to and after her death. I was still sleeping in a crib at that age, and at night my grandmother would come to me through the third story window of the bedroom. The first meetings after she died were in the bedroom.

After a few visits she explained that I could hold her hand and go with her. As a child, I actually lived across the street from a rather large park (Deshongs Park in Chester, Pennsylvania) and before my grandmother’s death she would frequently take me there. As a small child I didn’t understand what death meant. My mother would be crying and saying that she missed grandma, but every night grandma would come to the bedroom and take me to the “Park.” One of the first discussions that we had about the “Park” was about building a place in the “Park”

that would be “our little place.” I remember that we wanted a bench that was by a tree and as time went on, we built a rose trellis over the bench. We planted roses, and eventually we would sit and talk under an arch of sweet smelling roses.

One major problem was when she explained that she no longer would come and get me, but if I would go to “our place in the Park” she would come. With my child thought limitations I responded, “I can’t cross the big street without you.” I remember the concerned look that she gave me. She told me to wait on the bench while she went to talk with someone. She returned with a smile on her face and explained that she understood that, “Yes, you are too little to cross the street alone,” and she would show me a shortcut. Someone had given her permission. During those early years, I would go to the “Park,” and my grandmother would introduce me to people. She would explain that they had gotten there the same way she had. Grandmother would have me talk to them, and I always enjoyed all of the visits. I have used that shortcut to get to the “Park” all my life.

My grandmother was there until I was eleven, and that year she explained she no longer could meet me in the “Park.” After that meeting, my grandmother never came back to our little place, but I wasn’t sad... somehow I knew it was alright. That same year, during the summer on my father’s farm in Louisiana, I had different out-of-bodies that took me to a place where people would meet. It wasn’t the “Park.” This place was like a lodge, and I remember being so happy and laughing. I would come back to my body laughing in bed. I was sleeping with my fraternal grandmother. She thought I was crazy and took me into the kitchen to calm me down. This occurred about three nights in a row in the month of August 1957, and all I could tell her was “someday I am going to go to that place because the people are like me.”

In August of 1990 I attended the *GUIDELINES*® program, where you spoke to us about your new program (*LIFELINE*®). You asked, “Has anyone heard of the Park?” and I raised my hand like a little school girl. “Wow,” I thought, “he’s been to the Park too!” On that Wednesday evening, when we were doing *Free Flow 21*, I was directed back to my past—to age eleven. I was at the farm in Louisiana and experiencing the out-of-body that had happened as a child. I realized that I had finally gotten to that Lodge with those people, and I started laughing. For me, it was a total realization of knowing this “Park” was indeed real just as the Lodge (Nancy Penn Center) was proven real. Two happenings crossed vectors that August of 1990, and my life has changed dramatically. Continue what you are doing because your work holds answers to questions that people haven’t even asked yet. I have had OOBES all my life, and in 1971 I read your book (*Journeys Out of the Body*) and realized I wasn’t alone. Your work has kept me sane, and I truly appreciate all your courage to continue.